

A
FAMILIAR
EPISTLE
TO THE
Most Impudent MAN
LIVING.

Which may be bound with the new Edition of
Pope's Works.

THE SECOND EDITION.



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A

Familiar Epistle, &c.

I OWN myself to be one of those, who have a great Respect for L. B. and I am not afraid, that this Confession should make me suspected of Partiality to him, when I testify my Abhorrence of the scurrilous Libels, which have been published against him without any Provocation, — of yours particularly; for there is a peculiar Indecency that distinguishes your Writings from those of every other Man.

B

L. B.

L. B. has been long reduced to Circumstances, which neither are, nor ever were those of any one besides himself. He makes, as it were, a distant Species in the political Society. But this is not all. There have been, and there are, those who endeavour to establish in his Case such Rules of moral Obligation, as bind no other Man. For Instance, he asserted many Years ago, that he had taken no Engagements in the Cause of the Pretender, till he had been attainted, and till he avowed these Engagements openly. Driven out of the Protection of the Government, he thought himself discharged from Allegiance to it; and this Plea would have been allowed in any other Case. It was not allowed in his. What would have been innocent in another, was declared criminal in him.

him. He asserted long ago, and he asserts still, that he never broke the Terms of Friendship with any Man, who had not broken them previously with him. But that which Justice allows, and Prudence often directs, is not, it seems, lawful for him. He may be injured, but he must not complain. *Arnall*, an impudent scribbling Attorney, was set up, to teach the first of these Doctrines, and to be his Casuist in Matters of Public Morality. You have been an Attorney, as well as he, and who are a little more impudent, than he was (for *Arnall* never presumed to conceal his Turpitude under the Gown and the Scarf) have set yourself up to teach the second Doctrine, and to be his Casuist in Matters of private Morality.

You have signalized yourself by affecting to be the Bully of Mr. *P.*'s Memory, into whose Acquaintance, at the latter End of the poor Man's Life, you was introduced by your nauseous Flattery; and whose admirable Writings you are about to publish, with Commentaries worthy of *Scriblerus* himself; for we may judge of them beforehand, by the Specimens we have already seen of your Skill in Criticism.

That you may not pretend I write in Defence of my *L. B.* or in Answer to you, as your Vanity might tempt you to suggest, I declare I have no such Intention. He wants no Defence. You deserve no Answer. You assume, indeed, certain Airs of Superiority on every Occasion, even on those, where you have not the least Pretence of Equality: But you sustain them by nothing better than
Hypotheses,

Hypotheses, Sophisms, foul Language, and Impudence. In this you had some Success at first. A vain Ostentation of Literature, awkwardly dragged in, and absurdly applied, had dazzled many. But the Imposition did not last. That which some foretold, even then, has been verified. Your Readers have discovered, that you can neither quote properly, nor argue fairly ; and that, when you pretend to demonstrate, you do not so much as define. In short, by continuing to write, you have writ yourself into the Contempt of all those, who have either Sense or Taste. You may now scribble about imaginary Alliances, *Divine Legations*, and Dramatic Criticisms ;

*Explain the Thing, till all Men doubt
it,*

*And write about it, Goddess, and about
it.*

Or

Or you may indulge yourself in saucy In-
 vectives, as much as you please. Contempt
 will be your Security, and you will have no
 . Reply to apprehend from any Man, who
 would not dispute with a common Scold,
 nor wrestle with a Chimney-sweeper. You
 have proved yourself incorrigible, as well as
 unworthy of Correction; and all, that some
 very respectable Men of your own Order,
 have got by attempting to amend you, has
 been to make you rail the loudest at those
 you could answer the least.

In this Contempt I have found you, and
 in this I leave you. I write against you,
 not against the miserable Productions of your
 Pen; and I join in this Manner with every
 reasonable Man, to hoot out of Society an
 Animal, who is a Nuisance to it. But be-
 sides this Contempt, you have often had,
 and

and have on the present Occasion particularly, another Security. You cavil, you cannot argue: To write against what you say, would be to write against nothing, and that is no easy Task. Who could sit down seriously, to prove against you and your Brother Triflers, that the long Friendship L. B. had for Mr. P. is an Aggravation of a real Fault committed by the latter in breaking a Trust; and stupidly applied to aggravate the supposed Fault of the former, in complaining of that which would have justified much greater Resentment than he has shewn? Who can see with Patience a pitiful Advantage endeavoured to be taken over him, for complaining of this Breach of Trust after the Death of Mr. P. when it is notorious he knew nothing of it till after his Death? Who can do any thing more than laugh at one, who pretending to be a modern *Aristarchus*, is so much below any modern *Zoilus*, that
he

he does not understand, or knavishly perverts, the plainest Words of the *English* Language? It was said in the Advertisement to the first Edition of L. B.'s Letters, that the honest Printer had kept his Word, which in Fact he did, by concealing the Edition he had printed of them, as he was instructed to do. It is by this Passage our able Critick attempts to prove, that Mr. P. chose the whole Transaction should come to the Knowledge of his Friend. *It is most certain he did chuse it*, says the vile Sophister, *since you tell us, that the honest Printer kept his Word faithfully with them.* Yes in concealing the whole Transaction, till, Mr. P. being dead, he thought his Promise to him discharged, and not knowing what to do with the 1500 Copies he had printed, and durst not then publish, he found it necessary to own, what he had till then concealed, and to apply to the Author for his Directions. Who can
 feel

feel any thing but Scorn for a noisy blundering Advocate, who accuses his Client deliberately and unnecessarily of a Breach of Friendship to one, who had been long his Bubble, who had even furnished him with Money to pay for the surreptitious Editions of L. B.'s Letters, and whom he delivered over to be a Bubble, as he has been egregiously to you; and when he does this in the very Libel he writes against L. B. for complaining of Mr. P's Breach of Trust, though L. B. was forced to make this Complaint in Justice to himself, and though he did it with the utmost Regret, and with as much Reserve as the Case would admit? In fine, can the *Man* deserve any Answer, who in an Apology for one Breach of Trust, charges Mr. P. plainly enough with another, I mean that of communicating even to this Pedant some other Writings he was under an Obligation not to communicate to any one, without

the Author's Permission? This Breach of Trust, I have been told, that L. B. knew almost as soon as it had been committed. P. had been forced to own it to him, and He had forgiven it so entirely, that it did not hinder him from living with P. as he had done before, nor from attending him with all the Tenderness of Friendship in his latest Hours. Yet even in these Mr. P. was not enough moved to open his Heart, and to acknowledge this second Breach of Trust, which is now complained of, and which L. B. did not so much as suspect at that Time. You was not near him; and you have no Right therefore to say, that his latest Vows to Heaven were for the Prosperity of his surviving Friend. I believe the Fact to be false; at least in your Mouth it must pass for a Lye, which you thought invented with great Skill to raise unjust Compassion on one Side, and unjust Indignation

tion on another. You had not Sense enough to consider that such Vows, if they had been made, might prove the Hypocrisy, but never could prove the Sincerity of a Man, who was conscious of having betrayed his Friend, and hardened enough not to own it in that Moment, wherein every other Heart is ready to open itself.

Though I should be inexcusable, for the Reasons I have given, if I answered your Libel, yet Charity may excuse me, if I give you a little Advice. I would advise you then, to keep within that low Sphere to which Nature and Fortune have confined you. Coax your young Wife, flatter her old Uncle, and before, when any Corporation Dispute arises at the *Bath*, to inform the heedless Public of it; to extol him ridiculously, and to rail at those whom he oppresses, or who presume to support such as are oppressed.

pressed. If you write on any other Subject, which I cannot advise you to do, collect plentifully, affirm dogmatically, but never attempt to reason; for they who can reason agree very unanimously, that it is not your Talent; and Doctor S. among others, has proved it undeniably. In a Word, be less insolent to those, that are far above you in every Form of Life, to Ladies * of the first Quality, and to Men of the greatest Eminency.

I know L. B. enough to be persuaded (though I do not pretend to be intimately acquainted with him) that it is not in your Power to disturb the Quiet of his Life. Men like him may be said to live in a superior Sphere, where the Buz and Din of such Insects can never reach. Do you mean
to

* *Viz.* The Expression he uses of speaking of the Countess of *Iuchiquin*.

to make your Court to Power, and to be well-paid for throwing Dirt? If you do, you will be disappointed. Some Similitude of Character might have recommended you to a former Minister, and under him you might have employed very lucratively your two principal Talents, that of Railing and that of Fawning. But this Minister is no more. Do you hope to do L. B. some Hurt in the Opinion of Mankind? You will fail in that too. That Calumny which the Spirit of different Factions raised against him, and which is still continued, has lost its Edge; and whatever Errors he may have been driven, or seduced to commit, he has redeemed them all, since he threw off the Shackles of Party, and became a free Man. You affect impertinently to call him the Instructor of Kings.

Every

Every Friend to the *British* Constitution, and to the present Establishment hopes, that he will continue to advise and to exhort both Princes and People to the Pursuit of their true Interest; and that he will continue to maintain in private, in publick, and on every Occasion those important Maxims of good Government, which have been so often inculcated in many political Writings. You call this *backneyed about*, a Term much more properly applied to your own silly Paradoxes, that have not even the Intention of doing Good.

Having reprov'd you with no more Acrimony, and advis'd you with more Charity than you deserve, it is Time I should put an End to this familiar
Epistle,

Epistle, and ask Mr. *Knapton's* Pardon beforehand, if it become a Pre-
tence, which it may very probably,
to get five or ten Pounds more from
him for the Copy of an Answer to it.

F I N I S.

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